

MANY RECEPTIONS AND DANCES TO BE GIVEN BEFORE LEAT.

Mr. Gideon Granger and Miss Clara L. McClave to be married soon—Mrs. Atherton Blight to take a house in New York for the winter—The first of Mr. Wood's Three Concerts Given on Saturday.



John McClave.

The wedding of Mr. G. W. Holland and Miss Emma F. Stot will take place at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Jan. 4, at 12 o'clock.

Mrs. Bradford, of 21 Waverley place, will give a reception this afternoon.

Mrs. Russell, of 19 East Sixty-first street, will give a theatre party, followed by a supper this evening.

Lieut. and Mrs. David Price, of Hargons, will leave this city in a short time for the Presidio, Cal.

The Queen has sent her usual gift of an India shawl to Miss Berens, whose wedding and that of Earl Cairns will take place this day week in London.

The annual dinner of the New York Alpha Alumni Chapter of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity will be given this evening at O'Connell's, Mill's Building, 35 Wall street.

Mrs. Ezra B. Weston, of 24 East Forty-seventh street, will give a musicale this evening.

The Columbia College class of '90 will give a dinner of eighty covers at Mazzetti's on Friday, Dec. 16.

Mrs. D. Wing, of 16 West Forty-ninth street, will give a reception on the afternoon of Dec. 17. Miss Hurlbut, the fiancée of her son, will assist in receiving.

Mrs. Alfred Young, of East Fifty-sixth street, will give a tea on Dec. 19.

The Game Association will have one of its monthly dinners at Pinard's this evening.

Cards will soon be issued for Miss Palmer's wedding on Jan. 8 at the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

Miss Marion Langdon, in a white and gold gown, is said to have been the belle and beauty of the first assembly on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Morrison, of 12 East Sixty-fifth street, will give a musicale this afternoon.

Mrs. Draper, a member of the members of the Nineteenth Century Club informally to-morrow evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia, will take a house in this city for the winter.

Mrs. S. P. Tuck is visiting Miss L. Andrews in Baltimore.

The members of the Tuxedo Club have raised \$500 for the grab-bag, which is the special feature of the night before-Christmas festivities at Tuxedo. No article in it will be worth less than 50 cents, more than 50 cents, and the time too limited to allow of a discriminating grab.

The engagement of Mr. William Emory, of Philadelphia, and Miss Nellie Hunt, daughter of the late Minister to Russia, will be announced, the wedding to take place in the spring.

Mr. D. Binns and the Misses Binns sailed on Saturday for Europe with the intention of remaining a year in the Continent.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Harris and Miss Annie Emmet, will take place just after the holidays.

The Thirteen Club will dine together for the seventy-first time to-morrow evening at the Cafe Morelli.

Miss Lily Wolf will pass January at New Orleans visiting Miss Stuffer.

Mrs. Edward Anthon, of 21 West Thirty-third street, will give her second reception on Saturday.

Mrs. Landard, who instituted the St. Andrew's coffee stands about year ago, is to open a fair in the Old London Street Building to-day. Mrs. Frank Leslie is the treasurer of the society.

An interesting morning concert, the first of a series of three, was given by Mr. William Sutton Wood, the pianist, at his studio, 118 East Seventeenth street, last Saturday. Mr. Wood was assisted by Otto Donatoni, violin; Miss Ella Mansfield, soprano, and Mr. Charles A. Rice, tenor. Among the notable numbers on the programme were Brahms' "Variations for Piano," Beethoven's "Sonata for Piano," and Chopin's "Nocturne for Piano."

Among those present were Mrs. John W. Alden, Mrs. M. H. Wilson and Miss Mary L. Clark, of New York; Mrs. E. D. Fenner, of Paterson, and Mrs. Molinere, Mrs. Lyman S. Burnham and Mrs. David S. Wells, of Brooklyn.

Thoughtful Barnabas.
From *Charles Darnley's*.
Papa (unloading Christmas tree takes off a jumping jack)—Ah, here's something nice for Uncle Frederick.

Uncle Frederick (recently betrothed)—He-he, very good joke; he-he, very good indeed. Little Barnabas (next to him)—Mamma said last night that you must be in your second childhood to marry Miss Surbeck, and I thought you might like something to play with.

They Like P. T. Barnum's Story.
Mr. P. T. Barnum's story, "My Plucky Boy Tom," has created a great sensation. The New York Family Story Paper has nearly doubled its circulation since the first issue of the story. The adventures of Tom Bradford, as told by the author, are the wildest and most thrilling in the history of the world.

The Story of a Stamp.
IX years ago, James Brown, correspondent clerk in a large importing house in New York City, at the earnest request of his wife, made his daughter Sylvia, aged twelve, a Christmas present of a stamp album and a packet of 200 miscellaneous stamps.

"Really it is a waste of money," he said, "but if Sylvia has set her heart on such a present it will be no harm to give them to her."

Sylvia took them, and during the next year, with the stamps her father obtained from the firm's foreign letters, traded with her school friends for others she did not have. When the next Christmas came around she had 500 neatly arranged in her album, all on hinges, and was quite an authority among her schoolmates, who often brought stamps for special. Her little album had cost nothing

HATS ARE FREQUENTLY EXCHANGED.

An Embroidered Band or a Phenomenal Darky the Best Protection.



HE democratic principle applied to hats has its inconveniences. Derbyans, as much as anyone, are frequently as two peas.

Consequently a man steps into a barber's shop, hangs up a five-dollar hat, goes through the worry of the barber's talk, says: "No. No bay run."

"No! No shampoo!" "No! No hair tonic," and springs down released, grabs a hat, and, as he goes out through the basement, is seized with the idea that the hat doesn't fit.

He twists it round, but it doesn't fit them. He takes it off, looks at it, sees from some slight variations in the complexion that it isn't his hat, and awakes to the fact that somebody has left him a two-dollar Bowery Derby for his five-dollar brain-cover.

This is the way it generally works. The man of the shop, who is a miser, does so on the side of the right hat. Nothing can be done. The good hat is gone. The fact is, too, that it won't be returned. They never return hats to the owner, and the owner of the bad ones don't care so much about their restoration.

Hat-bands are a safeguard to honest wearers of twin Derbys. The broad strip of ribbon with the monogram worked in colored silk is of great service against any honest mistake. A man picks up the hat that has a cherry ribbon with white letters, "M. F. H.," which has a baby-blue ribbon with purple "N. U. M." monogrammed on it, so he tries some other hat.

This swapping hats is not an uncommon occurrence in the barbers' shops or hat-racks at hotels. At the latter, however, the waiter who keeps guard over the hat-rack frequently remembers to whom the hat belongs.

The darky at the Murray Hill Hotel is quite a phenomenon in this respect. Dozens of gentlemen leave their hats in the rack and are so much taken that a hatter could hardly tell them apart.

When the guest comes out, the smiling Ethiopian brings picks out the particular hat which belongs to him and presents it with a flourish. He doesn't make a mistake once in 100 times. What his system of memorizing is does not appear, but he has got it down fine.

Where the hats are not only alike in appearance, but one fits as well as the other, of course an absent-minded person can make a mistake. Many do make a mistake. But usually it amounts to the same thing, except that some people may feel better to know that their hats are on honest heads, even if they are not their own. The hats go and they do not return.

DID NOT TIP THE NEGRO.
A Crisis in the Life of a Young Man with 40 Cents in an Italian Barber's.

A young man, the top of whose head had lapsed beyond the barber's power, passed into an elegant "tonorial parlor" and submitted himself to the artist of the shears like a two-year-old lamb.

The time was that portion of the week when indigence is cheek by jowl with comparative affluence in the salaried man's life.

The artist, a little Italian, who looked as if you could make olive oil out of him, touched the young man's collar.

"Please take it off. It is too high." The victim had not been in the habit of undressing to get a haircut, and he meekly obeyed and gave explicit directions as to how he wished the operation to be performed.

The barber began to cut what hair he could find on the patient's skull.

"You'd better not cut my hair. I haven't got 'boodle' enough," murmured the young man.

"Oh, trim the hair a little with the beard," said the generous artist.

It wasn't so easy. First the hair had to be found. Then it was difficult to get enough of it to gather and clip it symmetrically. But the Italian worked through and got to the beard.

He went over this with a small lawn-mower, and the price of the haircut was made restorative in the mean while. Then he thrust a hand-glass into the hand of the cowed youth and let him study the effect.

"It is a little more of the sides, and so that it can brush away to the points," said the young bald-head.

Finally he was made to look like a bifurcated neck. "Would he have a shampoo?" No. A little perfume on his nape? No. Some bay-run? No. Some—no!

Then he was released, pulled himself together, collected his collar, coat, overcoat. Mr. Wood was assisted by Otto Donatoni, violin; Miss Ella Mansfield, soprano, and Mr. Charles A. Rice, tenor. Among the notable numbers on the programme were Brahms' "Variations for Piano," Beethoven's "Sonata for Piano," and Chopin's "Nocturne for Piano."

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and had given her much pleasure—her father some amusement.

Sept. 15, 1883, Brown was arrested and charged with robbing the firm of the sum of \$40,000. It was asserted that he was not the principal but an accessory and sharer of the robbery, which had been committed in April, 1882, by the assistant cashier, William Waterman, who fled to Canada, and from there to Cuba. At first it was thought that he had no accomplices, but in the early part of 1883 one of the members of the firm, the junior partner, received an anonymous letter saying that Brown was the thief and that the letter and a share in it, as would be developed in the course of time, if the receiver of the letter would say nothing and keep a sharp watch on the correspondence clerk.

Brown went on his vacation Sept. 1. The junior member of the firm took his desk while he was away, and in ransacking it for a missing letter from Santa Lucia, found in an envelope a five-cent stamp, and an envelope bearing a Santa Lucia postage stamp.

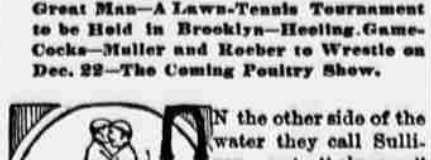
CASTRO, SANTA LUCIA, Oct. 26, 1883. DEAR SIR: I am nearly strangled. Draw \$1,000 from Bowers and send me immediately. Draw \$1,000 from Bowers and send me immediately. The remainder, Thanks, old fellow, for the way you have stood by me. Direct R. M. in care of Mr. Broadacre, Castro, Santa Lucia.

The handwriting of the letter was instantly identified as Waterman's. Upon inquiry at the two savings banks, it was found that the day after the robbery \$900 had been deposited in the bank in the name of the credit of James Brown; that subsequent deposits had raised these to \$2,000 and \$1,070; that \$1,000 had been drawn in May and another \$1,000 in November, 1883, from one bank

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN IS A "SLOGGER," NOT "SLUGGER," IN ENGLAND.

A Big Irish Fighter Laying Back for Our Great Man—A Law-Tennis Tournament to be Held in Brooklyn—Heating Game—Cocks—Muller and Reber to Wrestle on Dec. 22—The Coming Poultry Show.



IN the other side of the water they call Sullivan, not "slugger," but "slogger." This is correct, as those who have read Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" will remember that a scholar named Williams who fails to beat Master Tom in a turnup on the playground is called "Slogger" Williams, from the force with which it is supposed he can hit with his right hand.

Dublin Sport says the Boston strong boy will spar in Dublin to-night and Friday night, in Cork the 14th, in Limerick the 16th and Belfast on Saturday evening.

This sporting paper estimates that Sullivan will spar just 54 minutes, with 12 minutes' rest, or a total of 66 minutes, before all his audiences in Ireland, for \$200 or \$250.

Sport says a big Irish amateur is in pickle for the "big fellow" at one of his shows. Knowing ones will feel sorry for that big amateur as they know how.

The Twenty-third Regiment, of Brooklyn, is making arrangements through its tennis club for an open lawn tennis tournament, to be held at the Armory Dec. 26, which is expected to eclipse anything of the kind heretofore held in the city. The tennis players have signified their intention of competing, some of whom are of national reputation. Committment Keutgen, Hough and Despard have the affair in charge and predict that it will be a success.

Billy Fitzgerald is now the sporting editor of the *Police Gazette*. He is gaining friends for the paper every day. The sporting columns show a marked improvement. A number of well-known sports hope to see "Fitz" hold the fort.

"Heeling" a game cock for a battle is a much more delicate job than "cutting out." They are both delicate jobs, and require a great deal of skill and judgment. The heeler must be able to handle the cock with a light touch, and the cutter must be able to cut the cock with a sharp edge.

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THE WORLD: MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12, 1887.

work, so that she may have no chance of holding communications with the outside world.

Only amusement she is allowed to indulge in is a weekly visit to the cemetery. There she is supposed to go to mourn for the dead. This morning, I must confess, is performed in a manner that has been carefully excluded. The Argentine ladies drive, closely veiled, to the cemetery. Once inside the gates, they throw aside their veils, and, waiting themselves upon the tombstones, prepare to make a day of it. They also go provided with a basket of food, and they spend the day in laughing, chatting and gossiping with their fellow-mourners. At sunset they resume their veils, and they are driven home by a coachman, who is not permitted to enter the cemetery. They are not permitted to enter the cemetery. They are not permitted to enter the cemetery.

Finest Terrapin in the World.

Baltimore is the leading market in the world for terrapin. The finest species are probably found in Chester River, although it requires a connoisseur of considerable ability to discriminate between those caught in Chester River and those taken from other waters and marshes along the Chesapeake. The implements for catching terrapin are very simple. A wooden cage, with a wire mesh, is placed in the water, and the terrapin are caught in it. They are then taken to the market, where they are sold for food.

Always Say "What'll You Have?"

Why did I ask that gentleman what he would have when I know that he has drunk nothing but whiskey and lemon for twenty years? Because it is our policy always to ask the question. Suppose that you did not know that gentleman, and he came in, and without saying a word I would put a glass of whiskey and lemon before him. Why, you would say to yourself, "that man is an old soldier here. There is no need of asking him what he would like to drink. He has drunk nothing but whiskey and lemon for twenty years. He must be a man of some consequence. He must be a man of some consequence. He must be a man of some consequence."

On the Terrapin Slide.

From *Christie's*.
Steelman—All ready, Bascom?
Bascom—Yes; or wait a moment. If Miss Kittyman will kindly turn her feet in a little closer, I think we shall find less wind resistance.

Silencing a Bore.

From *Judge*.
He—fear I am wearying you with my procy confession. You look a little tired.
She—Oh, no, indeed. I was only thinking how very tired you must be!

Diamonds and Watches.

A Large and Fine Assortment of Them at 61 Nassau Street.

At No. 61 Nassau st., just off Maiden lane, you will find a good assortment of diamonds, and large quantities of watches, and a large quantity of jewelry. The prices are very low, and the quality is very good. The prices are very low, and the quality is very good. The prices are very low, and the quality is very good.

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